

Scarecrow

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Wherever his life may lead
As Orpheus, he'll not concede

Taste the venom
court the moon
Pink with grey
his death did gloom

His silence was so full of song
We can paint our memories on
The dark blue canvas he provides
The image wherein he must hide

Scarecrow, waiting for the birds
No one bothered, no one heard

A mystery or juxtaposed
Time has passed, we'll never know
Never had the skin of nails
Too frail for this world's pain

Lay the demons down to rest
Resurrection lies in death
A wayward soul without a name
Embittered by the lack of fame

Scarecrow, waiting for the birds
No one bothered, no one heard

The fragile glass of life
crushed by desire's glove
and shattered when it fell
by the lack thereof